The Sketch

No. 2585—Vol. CXCIX. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1943 ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

When Canadian soldiers installed a 25-pounder in the backyard of a little Italian house, the black-eyed daughters of the family came out to get a close-up of the gun that was keeping the Germans moving backward. Here they are—Angelina and Lucilla—listening to what R.S.M. George Gilpin, of Kingston (left), and Sgt. H. A. Shelton, of Winnipeg, have to say, though maybe they only understand the language of smiles, and not the English tongue!

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Going Downhill.

That admirable and regretted artist, Charles Hawtrey, was not a tragedian, but one of my last recollections of him was a moment of pathos which deeply affected all senior members of the audience. In the character of Ambrose Applejohn, he explained that a terrible crisis had occurred in his life. "Until to-day," he said, "if I got into a railway carriage which contained an attractive young woman, she would modestly drop her eyes on my entrance. To-day I entered a crowded carriage, and was resigned to standing throughout the journey, when an attractive young woman *got up and offered me her seat.* A great change has come over my life." I am not quoting the exact words, but I remember their substance, and the heart-searching poignancy with which they were spoken. Many a man in the audience, greying at the temples and thinning on top, was heard to sob. This theatrical memory is brought back to me by the correspondence which has been going on about war-time manners.

"Never mind the Zulu campaign to-night, Colonel—tell us about the time when it was half-a-crown a bottle."

DRAWN BY STARKE.

Having It Both Ways.

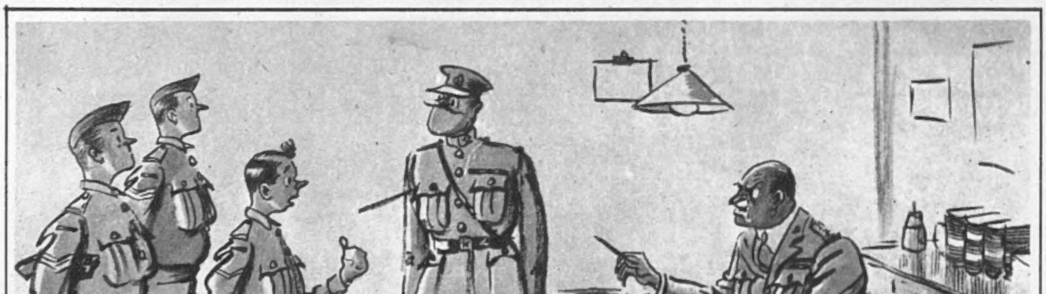
What (some are asking) has become of old-world chivalry? Men must work and women must weep, but must men sit and women stand? What would Lord Chesterfield or Sir Charles Grandison have said? (I don't know, but they never had to strap-hang.) Would Sir Francis Drake have allowed Gloriana to sway and ricochet in the tube? (I think not—it would probably have meant the Tower instantly—but he was never put to the test.) Why (others declare) should women claim any special privileges? They've got Sex Equality, and they can't have it both ways—they can't be Chaps and Chums one moment and tender, shrinking little violets the next moment. Look at those Russian snipers! Would any Comrade dream of getting up and offering his seat to one of *them*? If he wasn't arrested at once as a counter-revolutionary, he would probably get a clip on the ear by way of thanks. No! (say the modernists) women have their pride as well as men, and they resent being treated as if they were in need of care and protection.

Helen with the Two High Hands.

Facts of common observation seem to bear out this contention, distasteful though it is to a man of delicate instinct. When, for example, you see a policewoman marching off two offenders, one in each hand, to the station, it makes you think a bit. But that is what happened the other day. An Allied soldier reacted violently to a speaker's remarks in Hyde Park, so Sergeant Boadicea just gathered him in. Then a British citizen reacted violently to the soldier's violent reaction, so she gathered him in too. Whether it was ju-jitsu, or sheer moral force of personality, or perhaps just winsome charm, I do not know; but one hears without surprise that she was congratulated by the magistrate. Indeed, one would not be surprised to learn that both delinquents, after paying their fines, sought her hand in marriage, which led to another breach of the peace, which caused her to gather them in again. There's nothing like a good policewoman's love. But undoubtedly this is not the England that we once knew. I do not think

Husband (sadly): "My dear, I wish you'd wipe your shoes properly before you come in. . . . I've just polished the floor!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.



"How did your prisoner get away?"
"He ran through a door marked 'No Admittance'—so I couldn't follow, Sir."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

ONE DAILY NEWSPAPER MAKES A DUST-COVER FOR AN AERO-ENGINE: SEND YOURS TO SALVAGE.

that Queen Victoria would have approved even of the most zealous and muscular policewoman. For myself, they terrify me, because they produce in me a sort of psychosis; I always want to wink at one of them, just to see what would happen. I am told that these symptoms are very dangerous in men of mature years; so don't tell anybody.

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche?

In fact, I find the whole problem difficult. I have enough of the absurd Victorian Old Adam in me to feel uncomfortable if I am sitting and a woman is standing. But I find it almost impossible to be consistent about this, because, if one stuck to one's principles, one would never get a seat at all—and, after all, one is only flesh and blood; a fact which I have regretted all my life, but a fact none the less. I do not feel the same prickings of conscience about Young Chits, especially if they are sergeants or corporals, but if ever a Young Chit gets up and offers me her seat—it has not happened yet—I shall feel all the bitterness of Ambrose Applejohn. On the other hand, I have not yet reached the point where I can ask a Young Chit who is a perfect stranger to me to sit on my knee. Apart from the fact that it is a difficult balancing feat in present conditions, there are always cynical people about who do not understand purity of motives; and it is very awkward if these cynical persons happen to be husbands or sweethearts. I therefore compromise, and content myself with offering my seat to anybody who really seems to need it more than I do. My observation is that, in spite of a certain amount of selfishness and boorishness, that is what most people do; and thus kind hearts remain more than coronets or even than aching feet.

Me and My Gal.

In connection with Woman's Rights—and, for the matter of that, Man's Rights—a delicate matter of terminology, or of status, or of both, has been brought to a head by a Metropolitan Magistrate. It is not so long since one of his colleagues threw doubt, which was resented in certain quarters, on the fine old English word "housekeeper"; and now another Worship, evidently influenced by the campaign for Basic English, banishes the exotic and affected "fiancée" from his vocabulary. None of your Free French here, says his Worship—English is good enough for me! That is all very well, but what *is* the English for this equivocal expression? It seems to me a grave reflection on the status of betrothed persons—which, like matrimony itself, is an honourable estate—that there is no expression in the English tongue which satisfactorily describes them. A spouse, it is true, may go by a variety of titles; she may be your old woman, or your better half, or your missus, or your little bit of trouble-and-strife; but, come right down to it, she is, legally and socially, for better or for worse, a wife. But what is a prospective, potential or probable-or-possible wife?

"That humming noise must be the wind in the searchlights, Muriel!"

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

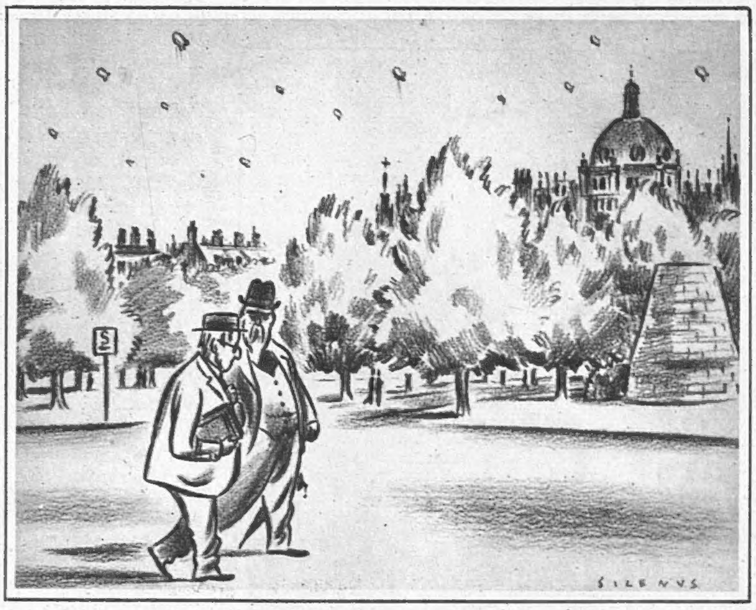
A Matter of Terminology.

"My young woman"? Inaccurate, because it will not apply, without a stretch of the imagination, to every type of future spouse—e.g., the widow (mother of six) "in the prime of life"; also ambiguous, because it is well known that there are various stages of being somebody's young woman—you may be walking to church, or you may be only walking out, or you may be merely going to the pictures. "My young lady friend"? Again ambiguous, since there are various kinds of ladies and varying degrees of friendship. "My girl (or boy)"? That is straight, simple and possessive, and there is much to be said for it, but again it may be misleading in point of mere chronology. There are cautious terms like "intended," and there is the honest English word "betrothed," but they sound a bit pompous, somehow. Mr. Mead suggests reviving the obsolete "amoret," but to me it sounds giddy and not quite respectable; and, anyhow, when I think of "amoretti" (not that I often do), I picture Cupids, extremely well-nourished but inadequately attired, draped round the ceilings of old-fashioned theatres and other public buildings.

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]
I have always disliked them and have frequently wanted to smack their—well, their faces.

To Have and Not to Hold. Altogether, it looks as if the English language simply refuses to treat with respect the bride-to-be. And, if we are not careful, before long the titles "bride" and "wife" will also cease to have much meaning. In a great many cases it seems hardly worth while troubling the parson or the registrar; the decree nisi ought to be solemnised before the marriage is pronounced. The war rate of divorces is about 12,000 a year—six times as many as in the dull, conventional days of peace. Social conditions are so profoundly disturbed that a considerable increase is to be expected; but this is more than any sociologist or moralist could have anticipated, and I do not wonder that anxiety is felt in many quarters. Even the forms of the law begin to take on the aspect of solemn farce, and that cannot be very good for anybody. The situation becomes even more complicated when incompatible spouses, in a mistaken spirit of National Economy, do not even bother to get a decree before accompanying somebody else to the altar. The problem of accommodation in our gaols for these reckless pluralists is becoming acute.



"Aviation is no unmixed blessing. Without it we would never have had that awful word 'triphibious.'"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

A Fishy Affair.

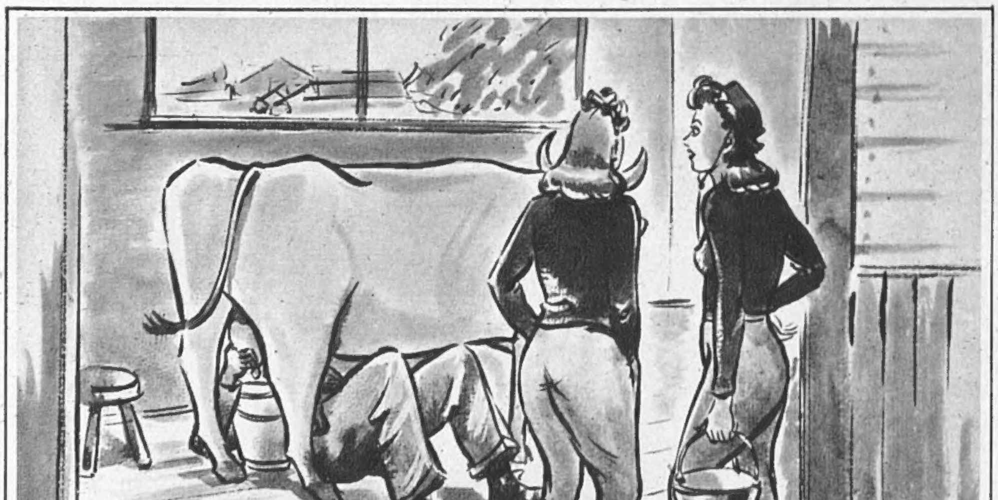
And yet, in these difficult times, there are considerable obstacles which one would have expected to act as a deterrent to impetuous marriage. There are, for example, no love-nests to be had. A clergyman has recently stated that out of fifty-eight couples whom he has joined together, only twenty-five could find houses to live in. He suggests the mass-production of "clay-lump" cottages, once popular in Norfolk. This dwelling seems to be a sort of adobe hut, or kraal, and the Rev. Canon observes that "what was good enough for our forefathers ought to be good enough for us." Certainly; and that is why I think the Government should seriously consider the Cheddar Caves as a housing estate. There is much to be said for an air-raid shelter and a Little Grey Home in the West all in one. There are other respects in which a good deal of glamour has gone out of the wedding ceremony—no bridal veil, no cake, no fizz, not even any confetti. I suppose it is a crime to throw a speck of paper even at a bride, and to make up for the lack of confetti, friends and relatives, in a Dorset village the other day, plastered the happy couple with fish. Their path was carpeted with sprats. This is excess of enthusiasm. Old boots, yes; rice, perhaps; but schools of sprats or tins of sardines—definitely no!

"Will the lady who purchased two toothbrushes from a chemist at 2.30 to-day and was given a couple of hot-water bottles instead, please return them, as there has been some mistake."

DRAWN BY JACK INGLIS.

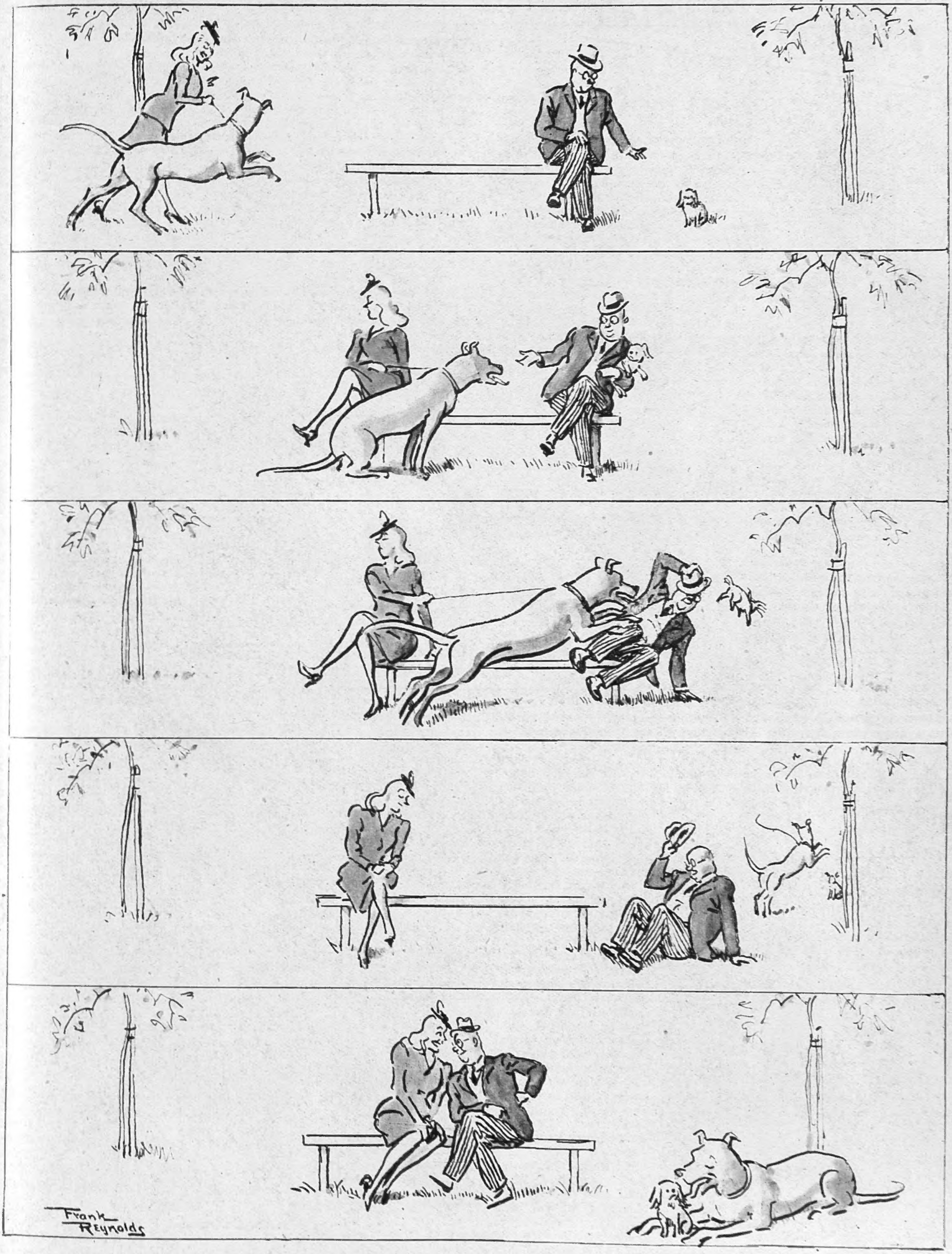
Fungus Fare.

There are, I fancy, thousands of housewives, no longer brides, who could have found a use for those sprats and would even have been willing to be pelted with them. According to latest advices, if they cannot get sprats (and who can?) and are at their wits' end for any other form of nourishment for the family, all they have to do is to go out and pick a few toadstools. The French have long thought us very peculiar and obstinate in our insistence on one solitary kind of mushroom; in France they eat a large variety of fungoid growths, many of them regarded by us with horror and alarm. I dare say we are a little narrow-minded in this matter; on the other hand, M. Poirot or M. Hanaud, or anybody else at the Sûreté, will tell you that every year a large number of rich uncles, jealous husbands, rival suitors, and other inconvenient persons, die in considerable pain after a hearty meal of succulent toadstool. I expect it is very conservative of me, but I propose to leave all the toadstools, together with the frogs and snails, to the French (and there is a bright yellow variety which I would specially commend to M. Laval), until I am sure that my cook has an expert botanical knowledge *and* has no grudge against me.



"You see, he's a motor mechanic really, but he's helping Farmer Dunning out during his holidays!" (DRAWN BY WILDING.)

The seventy-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

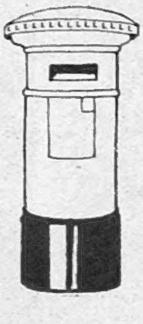


CO-BELLIGERENTS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Behold us, on a holiday! Charles hadn't been in a train since the last war and became violently Journey-Proud at least three days before we left home. Indeed, he was so afraid that the train might creep deceitfully away without him that he suggested more than once that we should sleep at the Station the night before. Everybody at home was apprehensive about him going in the train at all, and several people stopped me in the street to beg me not to allow him to lean out of the window or sit with his back to the engine.

By the time Charles had stowed away a pair of hunting boots (with trees) and another pair for hacking, and I had added all the books we had ever meant to read if we ever got a holiday again, as well as a modicum of quiet, shabby country clothes as befitted our station, we could hardly lift our suit-cases from the ground. However, the journey was accomplished successfully. Charles's hat escaping from its rather shabby cardboard box and careering down the platform of our Cathedral City station was the only incident of note. (I know now why they are called bowlers.)

Charles was entranced by the journey, which was from one end of the county to another, and took most of the day. He talked to all the engine-drivers and leant out of the window and got Something in his eye. "This holiday is starting almost too well," he said happily, as I fished the grit out with the corner of my handkerchief.

"And to think that for a fortnight I shan't know What We Are Going To Eat! Oh, Charles!" I cried rapturously, and flung myself into his arms. "Pardon, Madam!" said a porter who opened the door at that moment, and he slammed it shut again.

"I know now why they are called bowlers."

At the Horse and Hounds tea was being served in the Lounge when we arrived. The Horse and Hounds is not exactly my spiritual home, but I have the same deep and lasting affection for it as one has for a rather disagreeable elderly aunt who means well by one, and Charles is always happy there. The Horse and Hounds had not changed since we visited it two years ago. The same stags gazed mournfully at us from every wall, the same smell of tweed, wet dog, and hot, buttered toast greeted our eager nostrils, and the same group of Tough People, gathered round the fire, gave us one look of cold dislike and then turned their backs and went on talking in loud voices. The women wore curry-coloured corduroy slacks and ginger-coloured tweed coats. They had elastic-edged hair-nets stretched tightly over their heads and across their foreheads. The men were elderly and elegant, with long, thin legs in Newmarket boots.

"Something in his eye."

"I've been bitten by adders so often," said the woman on the fender-stool, "that now it doesn't affect me."

"This is heaven!" whispered Charles, and he sank into a chair in a dark draughty corner far from the fire, as befits a New Boy. But there the Finnigans found us and introduced us into the circle. The Finnigans are horsey and come from those parts. They are also our friends, so we were accepted. The talk went on——

"I've broken both me legs and me collar-bone and three fingers of me right hand," said a proud voice. I waited to hear her add that fractures no longer affected her, but was disappointed.

"I don't believe in keeping old horses."

"We went out past Witchett Farm and then the stag ran in a circle."

"I took the old horse to the Kennels, but Ernie said they were flooded out with flesh, so I had to take her back again."

"It ought to be subsidised by the Government. If it wasn't for Hunting we should be like the French."

"The day I decided my old Katie was past her work I took her to the Kennels. She was fed to the hounds on the Thursday, and on Saturday we had our best run of the season. I like to think of the dear old girl having such a happy ending."

"I don't believe in keeping old horses."

Our tea was brought and Charles winked at me as I handed him his cup. The log fire blazed merrily and the talk buzzed round our heads like a blue-bottle. I leant back in my chair and shut my eyes——. Our Holiday had begun.

Suddenly there was a yell from a man standing by the window. "Good God!" he cried. "What's that?"

Everybody sprang from their chairs and crowded round him. Outside, a little man was walking up the street. He wore a béret and a floppy tie, and though his trousers were corduroy they were also green.

"Good heavens!"

"Must be an Artist or Something."

"He's a Composer," said the lady who lived at the Hotel, and who acted as a sort of liaison officer between the irregular visitors and the village. "He's staying at the Bell."

"I don't know what this place is coming to," said the man at the window, in a flat, defeated sort of voice, and he drew the curtains against coming dusk and going musician. Conversation then regained the heights.

"Who is the Composer?" I said to the permanent lady who was sitting beside me. She mentioned a Name which made me open my eyes. "Isn't this a rather curious place for him to choose?" I said.

"Very curious. They say he sits all day with his head in his hands. The fact is," said the lady, leaning confidentially towards me, "he is a Highbrow."

There was a sudden silence and the word fell with a plop like a pebble into a pool. Everybody looked uncomfortable, and then they all began talking at once. "I suppose you're going to Hunt?" said the man on my left.

"Good gracious, no!" I said, my blood running cold at the mere suggestion.

"Ah, just hack."

"No, I don't think I shall ride at all."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"Walk," I said, and there was another sudden silence.

"*Walk?*" they cried, their eyes dilating with horror.

"Yes, walk," I said defiantly. "Probably with the Composer."

"Oh, come now," said the man on my left, kindly, "things aren't as bad as all that, surely?"

"Of course she's going to hack," said Hilary Finnigan. "We've got her a pony, Charles."

Oh, traitor Charles! I looked reproachfully at my husband and found he was laughing at me.

"What's its name?" I said, for that is always the first thing I ask about a horse.

"Magpie," said Hilary. "It's a piebald."

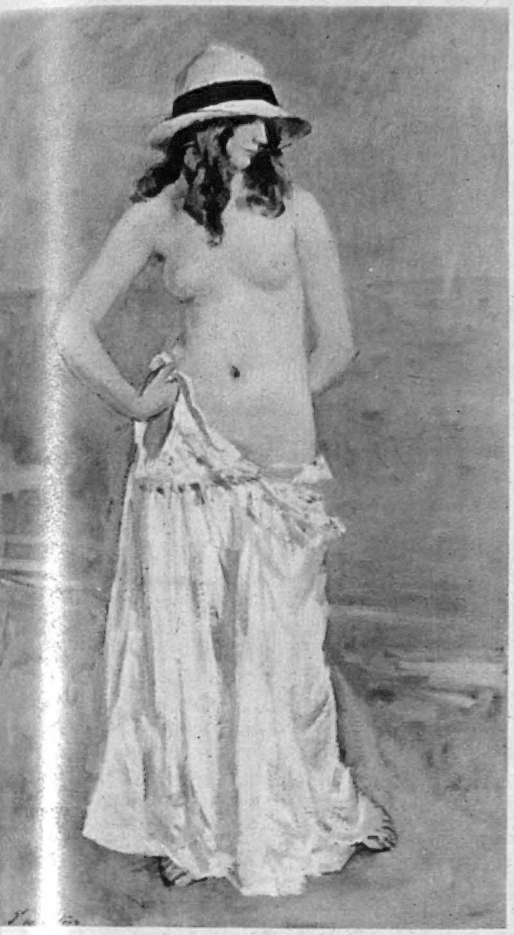
"What's that?"

So to-morrow, Robert, I have got to go riding. I hope it will be all right. The last time I saw a piebald pony it was walking round a ring on its hind-legs.

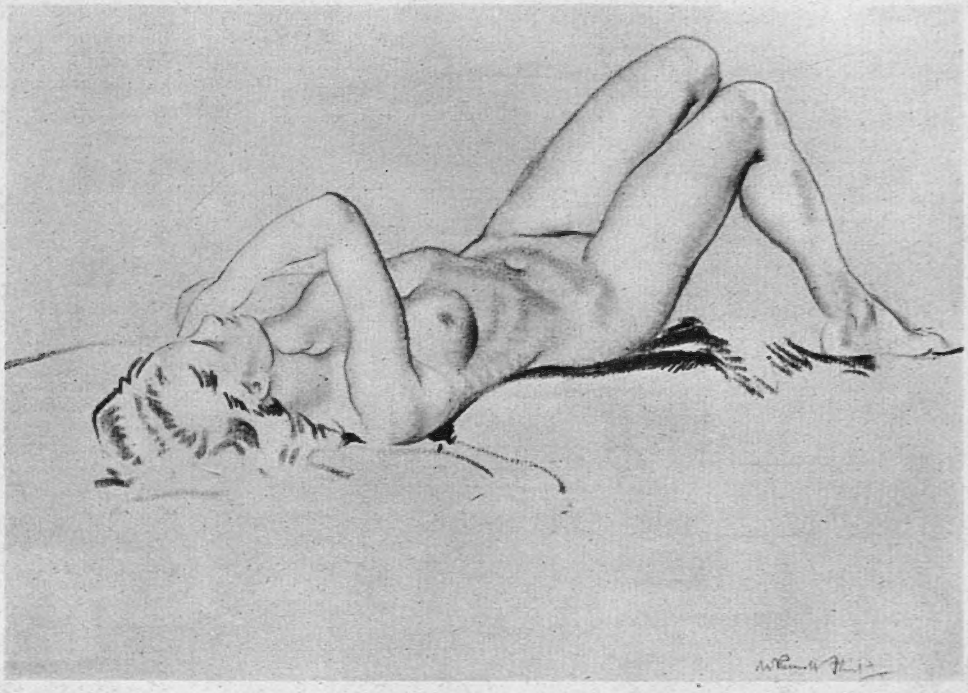
Always your affectionate Chidhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

QUARTET FROM THE NUDES AT THE LEGER GALLERY.

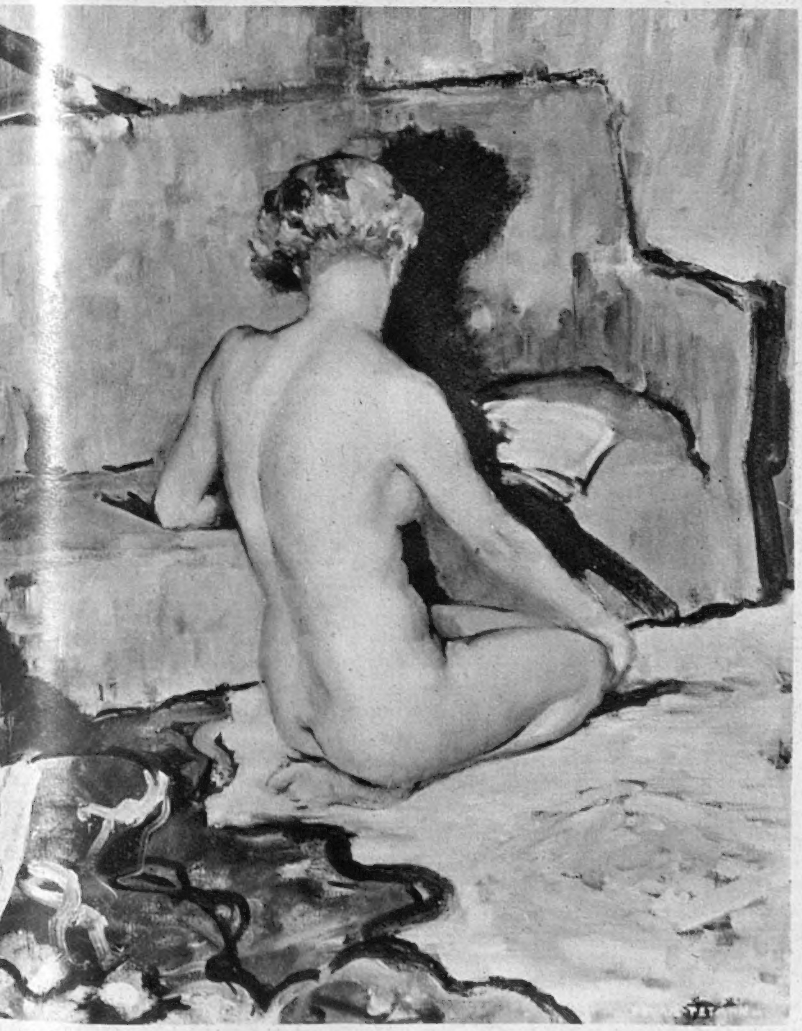


BY P. WILSON STEER, O.M.

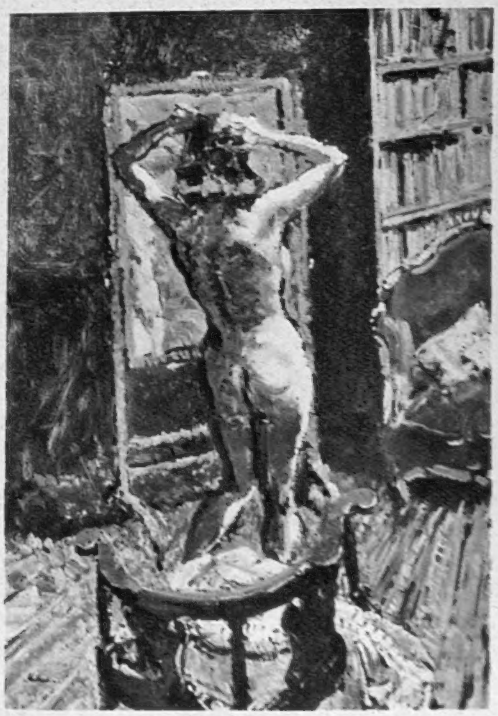


BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.

MOST of the pictures shown at the ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF "NUDES" AT THE LEGER GALLERY are, as always, painted by living artists for the show. The Wilson Steer nude, however, which gives great pleasure with its fine lines and delicate tones, was painted *circa* 1912 by that master, who died last year. Augustus John has a number of works on view at the exhibition; Matthew Smith shows good examples of his brushwork; Glyn Philpot is well represented; and there are paintings by Duncan Grant, T. C. Dugdale, Vanessa Bell, Arnold Mason, Anthony Devas, Albert de Belleroche, Ethel Walker, Jacob Epstein, R. O. Dunlop, A. E. Cooper, Felix Topolski, and many other contemporary painters and some sculptors.



BY B. H. BEVAN-PETMAN.



BY LORD METHUEN.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE new Robert Donat film, originally produced as "Sabotage Agent," has turned up in the cinemas (the Empire, to be explicit) under the god-awful title, "THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU." This seems to me the silliest title-change since "Bill and Min" became "Min and Bill" (or was it "Min and Bill" that became "Bill and Min"? The nicety eludes me).

Hilaire Belloc once wrote an admirable essay in praise of the lengthy title. "Very short phrases, and therefore titles," he says, "are admirable as jests or masterpieces of trick, but they are not, and cannot be, complete. For instance, suppose a man calls his book 'Vale.' (I have no real book in my mind.) That may mean 'Farewell'; or it may mean a depression in the landscape; or it may be the hero's name. Whatever it means, you cannot find out until you have read on a bit; whereas the object of a title is to direct you to reading by telling you more or less what you are to read. And even if you guess the title right," he goes on, "and find it means 'Farewell,' as you expected, you do not know farewell to what, nor why, nor anything about it. But if it were called 'Vale: Being an Old Man's Farewell to the World, with his Retrospection upon a long and, as he hopes, well-spent Life in the Cure or Souls, with a Preface by the Honourable Charles Gowlthorpe,' and so on, you might well grow excited at the prospect of a really juicy piece of autobiography."

There are practical difficulties, of course, in transferring this sort of title to a cinema canopy, but the idea is not without its value for the film people, too. It would be good business as well as good sense, I have often thought, for film titles to be more explicit. Personally, I find no inducement whatsoever in vague titles, such as "Horizon" or "Tomorrow Was Yesterday," or possibly "Attababy." I like a title that tells me roughly what I am going to see, and then—on the days when I happen to be a free agent, of course—I can use my own judgment. For this purpose I insist that "The Adventures of Tartu" is a turnip-headed title. For whatever delights the Donat picture may offer us, they are certainly not the delights the title suggests.

I recently asked three people—three friends of mine—who had not seen the picture, what they would expect from a film called "The Adventures of Tartu." A said, "One of those Inside Deepest Somewhere films, probably Mexico." B said, "Robert Donat swinging from tree to tree, like Tarzan." C said, "A costume piece in Technicolor, with swimming pools and houris." You are all wrong, my innocents. I am sorry to disappoint you. But "The Adventures of Tartu" is just another sabotage story, about a British agent who goes to Czechoslovakia to blow up a factory making poison gas.

Mind you, it's a nice *elaborate* sabotage story. Captain Terrence Stevenson, as you might expect from a hero played by Robert Donat, is no *ordinary* secret agent. He is Britain's leading bomb-disposal expert. He disposes of bombs so expertly that he can even indulge in whimsical badinage with a small hospital patient while sitting on an unexploded 2,000-pounder. He is a university graduate and a skilled chemist, speaks German fluently and Rumanian like a native. He is also a stylish actor, and was probably, if we but knew it, once the pride and delight of the O.U.D.S.

All these qualities make him the ideal subject to go to Europe by parachute, disguise himself as a Rumanian Iron Guard (name of Tartu), and fool the German authorities into giving him a job in the poison-gas factory near Pilsen. They help him not a little, too, in establishing relations with Maruschka (Valerie Hobson), a beautiful, mysterious girl who leads the counsels of the Czech Underground. Mutual confidence is temporarily shaken when various members of the Underground meet deaths by treachery. But the Englishman is fortunately able to blow up the poison-gas factory, in time to save England and establish his *bona fides* with the girl.

There is nothing very new about "The Adventures of Tartu," except Tartu himself. Indeed, it is Mr. Donat's elegant performance that really gives the film its quality. He has had a lot of fun with his Iron Guard—a loud piece of goods, pomaded, curled, overdressed and flashy. From the box-office receipts at the Empire, it seems that the fans do not object to seeing their hero looking so little like their hero. I suppose we should be grateful, really, when such a good and elusive actor consents to give us a film at all.

"In view of the special way in which the story is developed"—or some such phrase—we were invited to be in our seats promptly at the opening of "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL" (Plaza). Although I customarily attend every new film with hope in my heart, this hint brought me streaking into the theatre like a whippet, with anticipation running high. What could it be, this mysterious opening, without which the whole film would remain dark and fathomless? A murder in the first shot, in which the hidden identity of the killer would be revealed? Some horticultural clue, perhaps, such as Orson Welles provided at the beginning of "Citizen Kane"? What we actually see is a group of evacuated Army nurses from Bataan and Corregidor, arriving in Australia *en route* for the United States. The only one we recognise is Paulette Goddard, grimy and deglamourised, but, like Archy's Mehitabel, "*toujours gai.*"

Nay, stop a minute—what is this recumbent form tenderly carried on a stretcher? It is Claudette Colbert, and she is clearly in a bad way. Her eyes are open, but recognise nobody. She is conscious, but she does not speak. The Army doctor, baffled by her case, rather naïvely opines there must be something on her mind. "I want you to tell me everything you can remember about her," he says to the other nurses, and for the next two hours they tell him. *That* is the special introduction to the story, my little chickadees, and if you tell me it's just the old flashback device, I won't say you're wrong.

"So Proudly We Hail" is based on the real experiences of American Army nurses in Bataan, culled from War Department files, and the stories of eight survivors who eventually arrived home. It is a good-hearted film, a handsome enough tribute to these wonderful women; and it makes no attempt to prettify their ordeals. But I cannot help feeling that Love, with a capital letter, is out of place in such grimly

THE BEST PLAYS.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

*** "WATCH ON THE RHINE" (*Aldwych*). Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in U.S.

*** "FLARE PATH" (*Apollo*). R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

***"BLITHE SPIRIT" (*Duchess*). Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Irene Browne.

***"PINK STRING AND SEALING WAX" (*Duke of York's*). 1880 Brighton comedy. Iris Hoey, Dorothy Hyson, David Horne.

** "THE MERRY WIDOW" (*His Majesty's*). Revived with Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott.

** "SOMETHING IN THE AIR" (*Palace*). Musical, with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge.

** "MY SISTER EILEEN" (*Savoy*). American slapstick with Sally Gray, Coral Browne, Max Bacon.

** "THE DANCING YEARS" (*Adelphi*). Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** "SWEET AND LOW" (*Ambassadors*). Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in revue.

** "THE LISBON STORY" (*Hippodrome*). Play with music.

** "STRIKE A NEW NOTE" (*Prince of Wales*). George Black's revue, with the rising generation and Sid Field.

**"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (*St. James's*). Turgenev comedy perfectly done; Michael Redgrave, Nora Swinburne, Ronald Squire.

** "CLAUDIA" (*St. Martin's*). Joyce Redman and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**"JUNIOR MISS" (*Saville*). Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

** "HI-DE-HI" (*Stoll*). Hilarious revue, with Flanagan and Allen, Florence Desmond, Eddie Gray.

** "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (*Strand*). Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

** "LOTTIE DUNDASS" (*Cambridge*). Unusual thriller with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike.

** "IT'S TIME TO DANCE" (*Winter Garden*). Musical with Jack Buchanan, Fred Emney, Elsie Randolph.

* "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN" (*Coliseum*). Revue with Nervo and Knox.

* "THEY CAME TO A CITY" (*Globe*). Priestley play with John Clements, Googie Withers, Ada Reeve.

* "LOVE FOR LOVE" (*Haymarket*). Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Leslie Banks, Leon Quartermaine.

* "FLYING COLOURS" (*Lyric*). Revue. Binnie Hale, Douglas Byng, Jackie Hunter.

* "VARIETY COMES BACK" (*Palladium*). Max Miller, Maurice Colleano, Billy Cotton's Band, etc.

* "SUNNY RIVER" (*Piccadilly*). Musical play with Edith Day, Evelyn Laye, Dennis Noble.

* "MR. BOLFRY" (*Playhouse*). New James Bridie play. Alastair Sim.

* "MAGIC CARPET" (*Princes*). Musical extravaganza; with Sydney Howard and Cyril Fletcher.

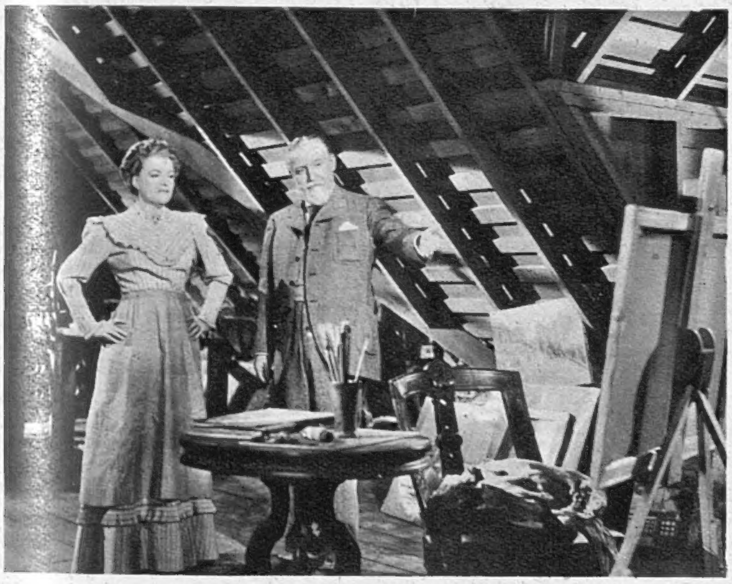
* "QUIET WEEK-END" (*Wyndham's*). Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

In Columbia's "First Comes Courage" (New Gallery): L. to r.: Soren (ERVILLE ALDERSON); *Nicole* (MERLE OBERON); *Rose* (ISOBEL ELSOM), *with Captain Lowell* (BRIAN AHERNE) *lying wounded. The background, a Norwegian coast town, with Nicole Larsen suspected of quisling activities, but really an Allies' ally. A full-page picture of Merle Oberon appears further on.*

realistic recitals. There comes a time—and eventually even the film people will have to realise it—when the test and triumph of the human spirit seems more important than the fact that Boy meets Girl.

Four nurses are specially hailed in "So Proudly We Hail," and all four are in some degree involved with the tender passion. Rosemary (Barbara Britton) is a gentle girl who finds her affinity in a young surgeon, but dies in a Japanese bombing attack before their romance can become



Based on a novel by Arnold Bennett, 20th Century-Fox's "Holy Matrimony" (Tivoli, October 24) stars Monty Woolley as Priam Farll, great English painter who for many years lived in the jungle with his valet, Leek, for sole companion, only returning to England when the King knights him. The valet dies; the shy Farll, facing the world alone takes his name. Alice Challice (GRACIE FIELDS) *keeps house for him, and when money goes short, sells his paintings for a song. Buyers recognising the Farll talent under the Leek signature, query the dealer. Eventually Farll thankfully returns to the jungle with Alice, now his wife.*

more than a sympathetic whisper across an operating-table. Olivia (Veronica Lake) begins as a Mystery Figure, an embittered, silent survivor from a rescue ship. In time, it transpires that she has got that way because her fiancé was shot by the Japanese at Pearl Harbour. Before the film has gone on very long she blows herself up with a Mills bomb, and takes a number of Japs with her. Joan (Paulette Goddard) remains untouched by tragedy, and gives us the film's easiest minutes in her love-affair with a Marine (Sonny Tufts).

Lieutenant Janet Davidson (Claudette Colbert) is not only in command of the nurses, but carries the heaviest romantic burden. While scrubbing the torso of a lieutenant from the Medical Squad (George Reeves), she falls in love with him. It is this romance, blossoming into marriage, and consummated by a honeymoon in a slit-trench, that has brought her into the coma studied at the beginning of the picture. Lootenant Janet believes Lootenant John is dead. But we know better. So does the Army doctor, since he carries John's letter to Janet in his pocket. I can't help feeling he might have saved a deal of time and trouble if he had whipped it out in the first place and read it to the girl.

Since the early days of William S. Hart, through "Sporting Blood," "Wings of the Morning" and "Maryland," I have always been a fool about a horse picture, and I confess that "MY FRIEND FLICKA" (Tivoli) gets right under my skin. It has practically no story to speak of, and doesn't need one. It is a charming, eye-filling, sometimes even exalting, series of pictures arranged around a single situation. An irresponsible schoolboy (Roddy McDowall) on a western ranch has one dream in life—to own a horse of his own. His father (Preston Foster) and mother (Rita Johnson), to teach the boy responsibility, give him his pick of all the young horses on the ranch. He chooses a wild sorrel filly, bred on her dam's side from a "crazy strain." The father warns him. "All the mares are helions and the stallions outlaws. They're untamable. No one can ever make a friend of that filly." The boy

ERROL FLYNN *plays the title-rôle in "Gentleman Jim" (Warner and Regal, Marble Arch), a film based on the life of James J. Corbett, heavy-weight champion of the world. Success swells to Jim's head, increasing the dislike of rich girl Vicki Ware, who, however, secretly puts up the money for a big fight. At the subsequent party celebrating his fresh laurels, Sullivan* (WARD BOND) *hands him his famous championship belt, telling him to wear it well.*

feeds the horse, nurses her, trains her, loves her. All the while is the lurking doubt—will she turn out "loco" like her mother?

There is no racing in the picture, and I am happy to say that Flicka never wins the Kentucky Derby. It is just a drama of personal relationship between boy and horse, played against a handsome Technicolor background of Utah scenery. Only seven human actors appear in the cast; all the rest are horses. Chestnut, bay, black, sorrel horses—horses galloping—at pasture—wild young horses—wise old horses—godlike, glorious horses gleaming in the sunlight. It's beautiful. Of course it's sentimental, like most stories about animals and children. But the sentiment is never mushy.

"The Lamp Still Burns" (Leicester Square Theatre), directed towards the bettering of hospital nurses' conditions, is the story of a woman architect, Hilary Clarke (ROSAMUND JOHN), *who turns nurse, and falls in love with a patient, Larry Rains* (STEWART GRANGER). *She is threatened with dismissal following a breach of regulations, but reinstated by Larry, who is on the Board of the hospital. Directed by Maurice Elvey and supervised by Leslie Howard.*

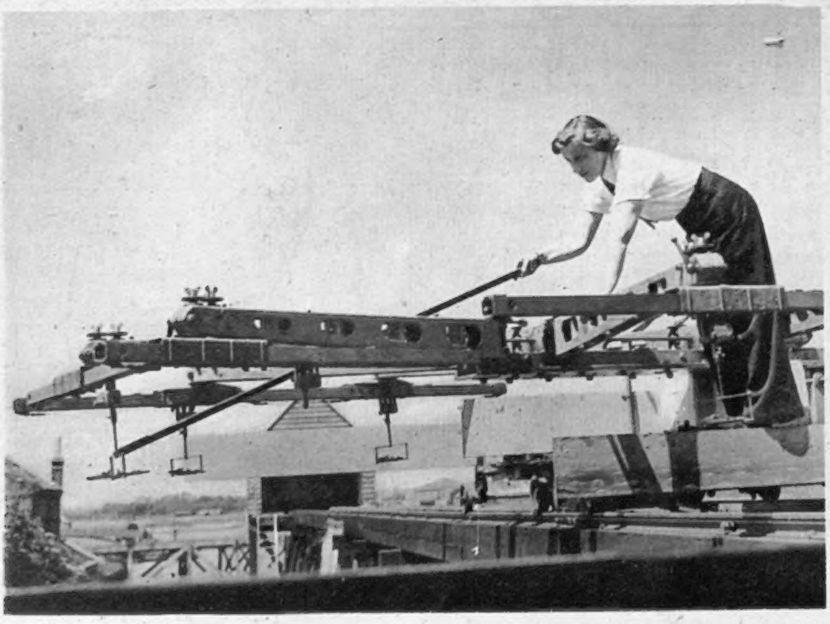
GOOD NEWS IN PICTURES FROM HOME AND ABROAD:

M. GUSIEV, *new Soviet Ambassador, saw the Stalingrad Sword of Honour at the Goldsmiths' Hall.* MR. HUGHES, *Clerk of the Goldsmiths' Company, and* CORPORAL DURBIN, R.A.F., *who carried out the silver work, are left and right.*

LIEUT. P. A. WILLIAMS, R.N.V.R., *youngest s*
of the late Mr. W. M. Williams, married MIS
JOY VERDON-ROE, *third daughter of Sir Alli*
Verdon-Roe, O.B.E., the aviator and airc
designer, at Durley Church, Hants.

Left: MRS. S. WOODRUFF, *elder daughter of Sir Frank Newson-Smith, the Lord Mayor-Elect, will deputise as Lady Mayoress for her mother, who is an invalid. Sir Frank is Alderman of Farringdon, and a former Master of the Turners' Company.*

Right: MR. K. W. SETON-KARR, M.C., *younger son of the late Sir Henry Seton-Karr, C.M.G., and of Lady Seton-Karr, married* MRS. BETTY BOUCH *at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street.*



This WREN *is manipulating a machine holding models of enemy ships to be set up in the form of a convoy for target practice by submarine commanders doing final training.*

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL *sat with* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTE
at the special matinée of "Quiet Week-end," at Wyndham's, in aid of t
Y.W.C.A. wartime fund.

WEDDINGS, A CHRISTENING, AND OFFICIAL OCCASIONS.

LIEUT. JACK MICHELL, R.N., *son of Sir Robert and Lady Michell, of Pensbury House, Shaftesbury, married* MISS MARY DUNLOP, *daughter of Brigadier A. G. Dunlop, at St. James's, Spanish Place.*

LIEUT. DAVID JOHN TIBBS, R.A.M.C., *a paratroop doctor, formerly of Guy's Hospital, married* MISS "PADDY" O'MEARA, *a nurse at Guy's Hospital, at St. Joseph's, Mellor Street.*

Left: *This* AIRMAN *is providing* GRACIE FIELDS *with a convenient writing-desk to sign autographs for the boys in Sicily, where she has been giving impromptu concerts.*

Right: MISS DEIRDRE WILKINSON, *daughter of Mr. Louis U. Wilkinson, the author, married* F/O. VERNON KERCHNER, *of the Polish Air Force, at the Oratory, Brompton.*

SUBALTERN MARY CHURCHILL *watched the march-past and parade of the G.T.C. at Rosendale School, Lambeth. She is asking* CADET E. CRACKNELL *about her Good Attendance stripe.*

H.E. THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR *and* LADY KILLEARN *at the christening of their daughter,* JACQUETTA JEAN FREDERICA, *at St. Mark's, Cairo. Lord Killearn is holding their son,* THE HON. VICTOR MILES LAMPSON.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

GEORGE FORMBY—*for taking his famous ukulele to Italy to serenade the troops.*

SINCE August GEORGE FORMBY and his co-performer wife BERYL have been entertaining the troops in Gibraltar, Malta, North Africa, Sicily and Italy. The shows given by this Lancashire lad, his ukulele and his wife are hugely appreciated by the Forces, not to speak of General Montgomery, who gave them both lunch at his H.Q. in Italy.

General Montgomery, with George and Beryl Formby.

MR. FRANK K. ROBERTS—*for being an "unknown" diplomat who had a big share in arranging the Azores agreement.*

AN important share in the negotiations between Great Britain and Portugal which resulted in agreement for the Allies to use air and naval bases in the Azores was taken by MR. FRANK K. ROBERTS, an "unknown" thirty-five-year old diplomat. Mr. Roberts, head of the Foreign Office Central Department, co-operated with Sir Ronald Campbell, Lisbon's British Ambassador, in talks carried out in complete secrecy. Mr. Roberts was appointed to the F.O. at the age of twenty-three. Born in Buenos Aires, the son of a Lancashire business man, he was head of Rugby School, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge.

SECOND-LIEUT. DOUGLAS A. NEILSON—*for making himself up a proper Italian to creep through the German lines and join up with the Canadians.*

SECOND-LIEUT. DOUGLAS A. NEILSON, U.S.A. Air Force, of Minneapolis, Minn., was shot down near Foggia, Italy. Being a man of resource, he camouflaged himself quite perfectly in the dress of an Italian peasant, sneaked through the German lines, and joined up with the Canadian forces. Our photograph shows him in Atella, where he cooked himself a welcome meal.

CAPTAIN DENIS DE BERRY—*for having a 50,000-mile-travelled mascot who doesn't look dog-tired.*

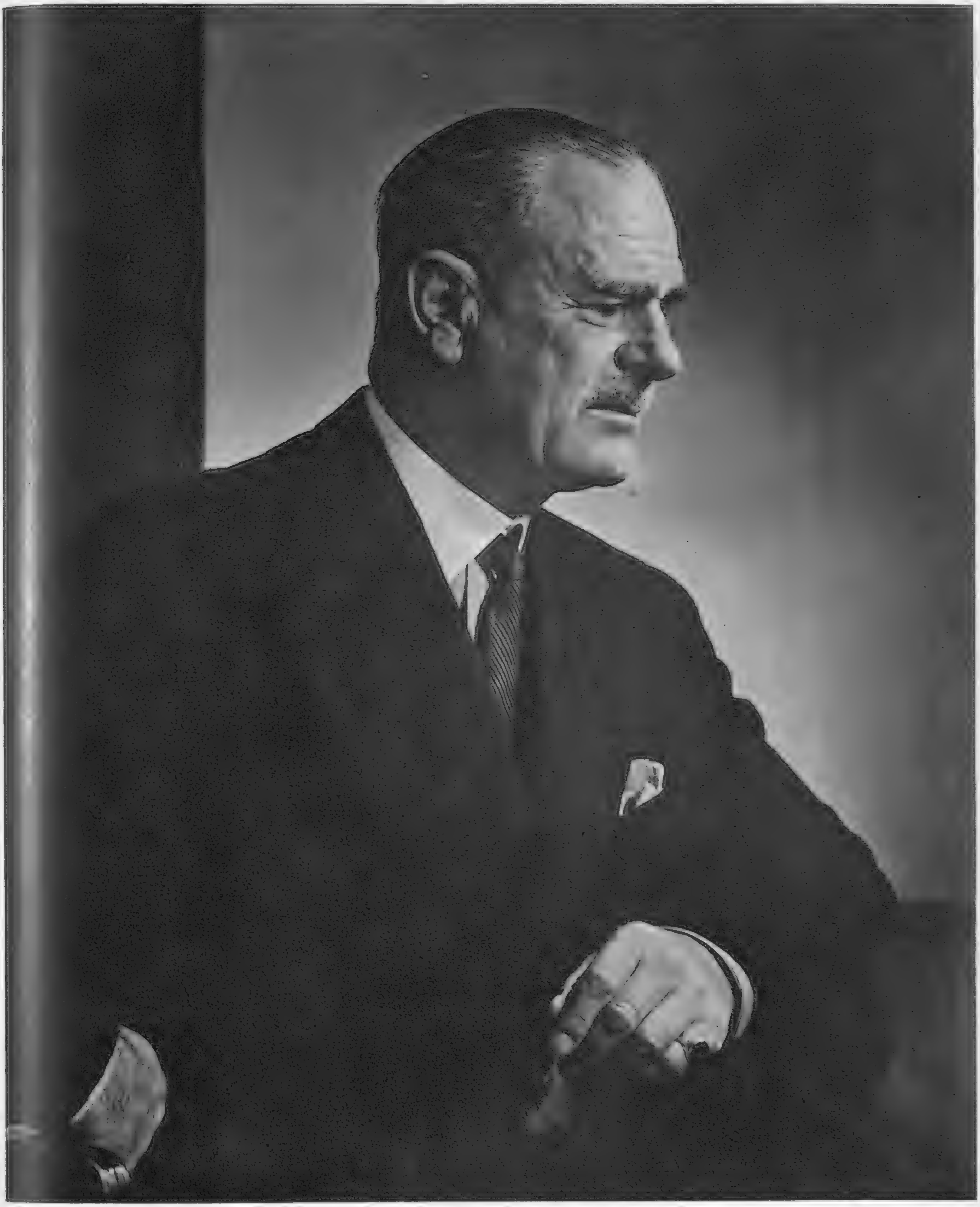
CAPT. DENIS DE BERRY, of Magdalen Laver, Essex, takes his Great Dane Fanny with him wherever he goes. She is the most-travelled mascot in the Mediterranean war zone, having been around with her owner for 50,000 miles, through Syria, Transjordania, Palestine and Egypt, from El Alamein to Algiers, and thence through Sicily into Italy. Fanny was born on Mount Hermon, in Palestine. She lives on bully beef and biscuits.

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE—*for the "exceptionally meritorious achievement" by bomber which won him his U.S. Air Medal.*

CAPT. CLARK GABLE, U.S. Air Force (formerly of Hollywood !), has been awarded the Air Medal recently, for "exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in five bomber combat missions over occupied Europe." Only in May this year Capt. Gable made his first operational flight in a Flying Fortress, and became, later, gunnery instructor, making, in addition to his Air Force duties, films for instructional purposes.

THE OFFICERS and MEN of an American-built minesweeper had the great triumph of scoring a kill with their very first shot "fired in anger," when they brought down a German 'plane. The crew seen with Lieut. E. W. Beavers, R.N.R., Gunnery Officer, and the C.O., LIEUT. H. D. T. BIRCH, R.N.R. (inset), exulted in their early success, as they surrounded the gun which did the deed.

THESE OFFICERS AND CREW OF A MINESWEEPER—*for scoring a kill with their very first shot "fired in anger."*



GREAT SOLDIER FACING A GREAT TASK: THE VICEROY-DESIGNATE.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD WAVELL, *Viceroy-Designate of India, was recently received by the King on his appointment. He was sworn in as a member of the Privy Council, and after he and Lady Wavell had lunched with their Majesties, was invested with the G.C.S.I. and G.C.I.E. In his fine speech at the Pilgrims' lunch, Lord Wavell commented on the difficulties of the task which lies ahead of him, but said he had a vision of the great possibilities in front of India. Our portrait is a Karsh camera study for the Canadian Government record of war leaders.*

c

Awkward places have to be welded, but nothing is too difficult for the women who work in the shipyards, doing no fewer than 114 kinds of jobs.

Women shipbuilders giving the rightaw
gangs under a woman

WOMEN IN THE SHIPYARDS DOING 114 KINDS OF JOBS!

Women are apt to underrate their capacity for acquiring skill, but seldom fail when put to the test. No job is too tough for them, for Miss England, 1943, towers above all in her daily routine!

Mrs. Lydia Morris, aged seventy, worked
going strong. Known as "Grannie Mo

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

r the lifting of steel girders. All-women
visor give the best results.

Miss Veronica Cassel adjusting nuts on the plating of the bridge. Before entering the shipyards Miss Cassel worked in a laundry as a cleaner.

e same shipyard in the last war, and is still she refuses to wear trousers, saying " I'm gal."

Miss Mary Webb is marking the rivet plates for working in the yards. Before the war sent her into the shipbuilding industry she was employed in a butcher's shop.

WOMEN'S place in the shipyards is immensely important, and, in fact, Britannia could hardly rule the waves if it were not for the splendid work which her daughters are doing in the shipbuilding industry. They are everywhere, and indeed except for a few highly skilled operations necessitating years of training, women can be employed wherever the work is within their physical strength. That covers 114 jobs, from boring-machine operation in the blacksmith's shop to hydraulic capstan drivers in the yard. They are working as electricians, painters, tool maintenance hands, sheet-metal workers, wiremen, and so on. Their skill at welding has been generally acknowledged. It has been found that women do best in all-feminine gangs, as, when working in mixed teams, the men are apt to use the women as assistants or labourers, whereas if the girls work alone their self-confidence and enthusiasm grow and they become more effective.

H.E. THE NEW PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

The DUKE OF PALMELLA, *who has succeeded Dr. Monteiro as Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, was photographed with* THE DUCHESS *and their eleven children—the eldest of whom is twenty-two—at his house outside Cascaes, Estremadura. The new representative of our oldest ally is forty-seven; he was at school at Beaumont and at King's College, Cambridge, where he took a degree in science. He lived in this country for some time as an exile in the early days of the Portuguese Republic. His family estates, which are considerable, are situated in the centre and the south of Portugal. His great-grandfather, the first Duke, a friend and admirer of Palmerston, was often in London from 1831 to 1834 as envoy of Dom Pedro of Braganza, and the second Duke knew England well and served for a time in the Royal Navy during the Crimean War. The new Ambassador is already in London, and is expecting the Duchess and some of his family over here shortly.*

MERLE AS A NORWEGIAN PATRIOT.

MERLE OBERON—*in private life, Lady Korda—is co-starred with Brian Aherne in Columbia's new picture,* "FIRST COMES COURAGE," *which was due at the New Gallery on October 17. She plays Nicole Larsen, Norwegian patriot, closely associated with her country's underground movement against the Nazi oppressors. Merle gave up picture work for some eighteen months in order to devote her time to entertaining the troops in the United States and in this country, and has only been induced to return to the screen provided that, for the duration, her rôles shall be confined to war pictures. Another still from "First Comes Courage" is on our Cinema Cameos page.*

Right:
PARAGUAY. *Authentic national dress composed of the famous local Nanduti lace. Sloping neckline exposing one shoulder is a feature of the costume.*

Left:
HONDURAS. *Copied from a water-colour. The dusky beauty is in festal attire of brilliant colours, suggesting plumage of Honduras birds.*

CUBA, *known as the "Pearl of the Antilles." An allegorical dress blending style of period of Cuba's discovery and 1898, date of her independence. Bridal effect symbolises wedding to Latin-American democracy.*

BOLIVIA. *The "Polka" national jacket worn with emeralds once found in Bolivia. Legend says that the Conquistadores were warned by the Franciscans that if the natives were robbed, the treasure would vanish. There are no emeralds in Bolivia now.*

ECUADOR. *A devotional costume in honour of the Madonna of Quito. In colours chosen by Señor Don Alberto Puig-Arosemena.*

NICARAGUA. *Fiesta dress in flowered brocade, laced petticoat and blouse.*

URUGUAY. *This mid-nineteenth-century dress, taken from a picture provided by Lady Effie Millington-Drake, suggests the characteristics of the country.*

HAITI. *A native dress in typically vivid colours, from a description by Mme. Bella Pons.*

BRAZIL. *Composite costume contrived from a painting by Rugendas owned by the Brazilian Embassy. Design on the apron skirt based on coffee plant and wild orchids.*

THE POETRY OF THE NEW WORLD EXPRESSED IN DRESS: LATIN-AMERICAN STORY IN NATIONAL COSTUMES.

Right: COLOMBIA. *The mantilla bogotana is an intricate scarf peculiar to Colombia. It is all black and covers the head and body in symmetrical folds.*

Left: GUATEMALA. *A mixture of tribal huipil and national skirt and headdress, from a colour photograph taken in the Quiche Highlands in 1936.*

PERU. *The veiled lady of Lima. This style of Moorish origin was forbidden by a Papal order in 1671, but Peruvian women still wear it for fêtes and costume parties.*

PANAMA. *The "Pollera" national dress, revived by Lady Mallet, the Panamanian widow of Sir Claud Mallet. The dress is embroidered with mauve pineapples and relieved with touches of emerald green, the family colours of the Obarrios.*

SALVADOR. *A typical costume with scarf swathing neck. The basis is a piece of patterned silk designed by Hartnell and printed by the Calico Printers' Association, Ltd., of Manchester.*

COSTA RICA. *Glorified gypsy costume in prismatic colours, from photographs taken at fiestas by Mrs. Frederick Wright.*

VENEZUELA. *A composite costume designed from the flag of Venezuela and peasant attire.*

MEXICO. China Poblana. *Elaboration of a regional dress now the Mexican national costume. The Eagle of freedom destroys the Serpent of oppression.*

ARGENTINA—*in blood and flame colour. A costume worn at a Buenos Aires ball during the time of Dictator Rosas, from a sketch by Señorita Chiquita Carcano.*

THE ANGLO-LATIN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF COSTUMES, under the presidency of Marie, Marchioness of Willingdon, and the chairmanship of Mr. Norman Hartnell, opened last week at 26, Bruton Street, and will move at the end of the month to Selfridges before transferring to Liverpool. The twenty figurines, each representing one of the republics of Latin-America, are not only attractive, but are historically interesting, as each records the history and taste of her country. Mr. Philip Guedalla, in his preface to the catalogue, points out that the brightness and colourful originality of South American art and fashion is a heritage from the ancient Inca, Aztec and Maya civilisations on which Latin-America was built.

The Snake Dance on a café table: FRED ASTAIRE does a solo number to entertain ROBERT RYAN.

The biggest crash since 1929 is averted! FRED sees his reflection in the mirror, and dances away.

The BLUE STAMP by Fred and Joan. "This whoop-de-doodle can be done to the bounce of a name band."

Joan Leslie takes some candid shots of Fred Astaire for a scene of R.K.O. radio's "The Sky's the Limit."

"THE CHAMPAGNE OF ENTERTAINMENT," WITH FRED ASTAIRE AND JOAN LESLIE: "THE SKY'S THE LIMIT."

Newest Astaire dance routine: Fred jumps from a high stool into the air and lands on the 30-foot bar.

Perfect dancing partners in a roof-top number, with the lights of New York ablaze: FRED ASTAIRE and JOAN LESLIE.

"Stop it," says the M.P. to Fred Astaire when he dances on a table for Robert Ryan's benefit.

Fred and eighteen-year-old Joan Leslie. She's a brilliant dancer and can act, too, as was revealed in "Sergeant York."

"THE SKY'S THE LIMIT," R.K.O. Radio's new Fred Astaire picture, in which he is co-starred with eighteen-year-old Joan Leslie, is due at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Friday, October 29. It's officially billed as "The Champagne of Entertainment," and it would be hard to find a better description of the gay and brilliant sequences in which Fred dances with even more than his usual *élan*. As Fred, the flyer who falls in love, but does not feel he ought to marry and make Joan just a "left behind" wife, he goes on the love-lorn binge and does tricky quick-stepping numbers on every bar and café table in town! The Hollywood description of the Blue Stamp routine, which he does with Joan Leslie, is as follows: "We wouldn't recommend this whoop-de-doodle for an opener, particularly if you're dancing to canned music. However, it can be done to the bounce of a name band. You'll be surprised how your vocabulary will grow."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"WHERE Love and Friendship Dwelt" is a sequel to "I, Too, Have Lived in Arcadia"—not an immediate sequel, however, for Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, passing over her girlhood, most of which she spent in England, and not all of which she enjoyed, takes up her tale with her return to La Celle St. Cloud at the age of seventeen. She had already made up her mind to become a writer—a decision which seemed deplorable to her English, but not to her French, relations; and this fascinating book is concerned partly with her literary beginnings, but still more with the famous figures, literary and political, whom she met and made friends with during her stay in France.

Family Affection. Such meetings came quickly because her father's family had always mingled with the world of artists and writers (her grandfather, Hilaire Belloc the elder, was a well-known painter). For the Bellocs and their connections, family ties were among the strongest in life; with them and in their circle love and friendship dwelt; and the author gives a vivid and heart-warming picture, strengthened by moving extracts from letters, of the deep mutual solicitude which ruled their lives and which was, and no doubt is, the strongest integrating factor in the social fabric of France. One could not find a more touching instance of this solicitude than is contained in the letter that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's grandmother wrote her when the little girl was eight years old.

Men of Genius. When the author steps outside her family circle into the arenas of literature and politics she does not at the same time say good-bye to love and friendship. Her memories of distinguished men and women generally take into account their human as well as their public side, and she leaves us in no doubt as to the warmth, or otherwise, of her feelings for them. Happily she was predisposed to like people; but her judgments of their work do not appear to be influenced by this. A strong nationalist in politics and by conviction deeply religious, she does not allow these considerations to influence her, and she sees the good points of free-thinkers, internationalists and pacifists. Paul Déroulède was her hero; but she gives a sympathetic account of Anatole France, the only Frenchman she has known who was "an out-and-out pacifist." Of Pierre Loti, on the other hand, she writes:

> I was disappointed in Loti. He had a cold, abrupt manner, and moved about in the merry crowd on the lawns of L'Abbaye de Gif, looking like a scoffing ghost, rather than a man of flesh and blood. He was the only Frenchman I ever heard of who disliked Paris.

Of men of genius in general she says:

> I have known seven men I regarded as possessing genius. All seven were simple in manner, and seemed unaware, or at any rate in no way vain, of their divine gift. Of the seven, Verlaine was the simplest and the most modest.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes had personal contacts with scores of eminent men and women, and of each contact she remembers something fresh and living. Sometimes she makes a challenging statement, as when she says: "Edmond de Goncourt was the only snobbish Frenchman I have ever known," but one cannot be interesting without generalising, and all generalisations that are not truisms are provocative.

Then and Now. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes does not write nostalgically; of the indirect form of self-pity which consists in mourning for departed glories she shows hardly a trace. But this does not mean that her readers will not sometimes heave a sigh for the vanished past—especially her French readers, who have so much reason to cry "Ichabod." *À propos*, I will quote from the letter her Aunt Lily wrote to her mother on the author's seventeenth birthday:

> It seems to me that our old French world is crumbling about our feet, or perhaps I ought to say that every day I fear some kind of earthquake. . . . You know the quiet, old-fashioned set of people with which I live with my husband—and yet how often do I hear such words as "What exactly is his position?", "How much money have they?", "It is said that they have made a million on the Bourse," etc., etc. My brother Louis and I never heard any phrase of that kind uttered in our presence. . . . Such virtues as loyalty, delicacy and kindness were brought to our notice. If we heard of the vices of a man or a woman, they were real vices, not mean little sins. And the question as to whether a person was rich or poor did not arise, and so was never mentioned. Oh, Bessie, I often feel such a strong nostalgia for that vanished world!

The DUCHESS OF KENT, *Commandant of the Women's Royal Naval Service, opened the W.R.N.S. Handicrafts Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery. More than two thousand entries were received from officers and ratings serving in the British Isles and Northern Ireland. H.R.H., who herself exhibits two portraits in charcoal and wash, is seen examining a fascinating cushion-cover made from the cap-ribbons of Naval ratings. Last week the Honorary Freedom of the Musicians' Company was conferred upon the Duchess at the Stationers' Hall.*

This letter was written in the 'eighties. In all ages some people have been dissatisfied with the present; but seldom has that dissatisfaction been voiced more poignantly and simply than it is here.

Two Sisters. "Alvina Foster" is, as most good novels are, based on the interaction of temperament and circumstance. At the outset the two sisters, Nellie and Alvina, members of an extremely poor family living in Deptford Creek, lose their mother, and the cares of the household devolve on Nellie, who works in a milliner's shop. Nellie is good-hearted, reliable and self-sacrificing. Nature has endowed Alvina with none of those qualities: she is impulsive, foul-mouthed and beautiful, and goes from one sordid experience to another. Miss Josephine Bell is well acquainted with the seamy side of life, and not at all shocked by it; she regards it as a doctor might, and indeed hospitals play an important part in the story. Alvina falls ill of rheumatic fever and is left a partial cripple with rheumatoid arthritis. What is to be done with her? Nellie's young man, rather understandably, will not have Alvina in the house; Nellie will not give her up; and he marries another woman.

Meanwhile Alvina's face attracts the interest of a sculptor, a sculptor to whom physical beauty means a great deal, the possessor of it very little. He exercises a great influence over her—his ideal of beauty, combined with her love for him, softens and rarefies her nature; while even to him she comes to represent something a little dearer than a twinge of conscience. Another civilising agent gives the two sisters a holiday in the country—most vividly and amusingly described.

The characters display many admirable qualities, notably kindness and warmheartedness, together with some very bad behaviour and a tendency to take a morbid interest in each other's troubles—as illness, death and murder. As a picture of the life it describes, "Alvina Foster" could hardly be bettered.

Classical Realism. The classical view of life was, on the whole, a realistic one. We have never been quite able to recapture it because of our more recent and much more completely assimilated, heritage of Christian idealism; to us, facing the facts is apt to seem like cynicism, and when we try we become self-conscious, strike an attitude and make the mistake of regarding all facts that are not coloured by our wishes as disagreeable. The ancients did not fall into this error. Their realism was based on a natural love of truth; to them it was not a counter-irritant to the opinions of optimists and wishful thinkers—at least, not in the same degree that it is to us. They do not appear to have entertained an abstract conception of the dignity of man, and thought it quite suitable that human traits should be illustrated from the behaviour of the animal kingdom.

Æsop. It is on Æsop's "Fables" that his fame rests—fables of which the moral usually is that greed and self-seeking are likely to defeat their own ends unless tempered by wisdom or cunning. But Æsop's latest biographer, Mr. A. D. Wintle, shows that he also had an extremely interesting and *mouvementée* life. Beginning as a slave, the private property of the philosopher Xanthos, he obtained his freedom and became the trusted counsellor of kings—of Crœsus, King of Lydia, and of Lycerus, King of Babylon. The monarchs of this time were in the habit of posing each other conundrums and staking vast sums on the result. According as to whether the riddle could be answered or not, the challenger or the challenged lost both "face" and fortune. One wishes that the nations of to-day could settle questions of prestige in the same bloodless and interesting fashion. Needless to say, Æsop established a world-wide reputation as a Brains Trust, and his long duel with the King of Egypt was his *chef d'œuvre*. In spite of this he came to a very unpleasant end—being thrown off "the precipice side" of Mount Parnassus, by the agency of an old enemy who could not forgive the kindness Æsop had once done him. A cynical conclusion and a sad one. It is a tribute to this artfully-artless chronicle that we feel thoroughly upset by Æsop's undeserved and cruel fate.

Discovery at a Rest Centre. "Sunset Over Soho" is in form a detective-story: the redoubtable and slightly sinister Mrs. Lestrange Bradley, visiting a Rest Centre during the blitz, is confronted by a (pre-war) corpse. What happens afterwards, and before, is by no means easy to follow, but it is told with so much imagination, so individual a sense of fantasy, and such a vivid, if intermittent insight into character, that, the corpse and the cistern forgotten, we read entranced.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Where Love and Friendship Dwelt. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (*Macmillan; 12s. 6d.*)

Alvina Foster. By Josephine Bell. (*Longmans; 8s. 6d.*)

Æsop. By A. D. Wintle. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

Sunset Over Soho. By Gladys Mitchell. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)

Mr. Robinson (GORDON HARKER) is hurt that Peter (RHODERICK WALKER) shows no enthusiasm for the projected cruise to Athens. He has planned a date with Estelle (MIKI HOOD).

Mr. Robinson is astonished to hear from his daughter Joan that she is not accompanying him and her mother on the cruise, as she has become engaged.

SUBURBAN FAMILY LIFE WITH GORDON HARKER AS DAD: "ACACIA AVENUE."

GORDON HARKER'S latest rôle is a definite breakaway from the kindly tough-guy parts with which he has so long been associated. In "ACACIA AVENUE," the comedy by Mabel and Denis Constanduros, which was due at the Vaudeville on October 14, he has gone all fatherly and suburban and is extremely amusing as the harassed old Dad, whose children want to break away from parental control.

One of Mr. Robinson's favourite household gods is the family clock.

Mr. Robinson, who likes everything to be in perfect order, is here dealing with the refractory mincing machine from the kitchen.

The Acacia Avenue Family Robinson: GORDON HARKER *and* DOROTHY HAMILTON *as Mum and Dad, and* YVONNE OWEN *and* RHODERICK WALKER *as Joan and Peter.*

Mr. Robinson has planned to take his wife for a cruise to Athens, their first holiday out of England, and dons his yachting cap in anticipation.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE.*

By HERBERT HARRISON.

THE man looked round the room: at the quiet, silent woman on the bed, and considered that all things were working to plan. He looked again at the woman; she was dead, and he had killed her. He had a weakness for killing women. He knew that the husband was serving abroad; that the war-time servant had left callously, and at a moment's notice, to work at higher wages elsewhere, and that he had the house to himself. Certainly and without doubt all was working to plan.

He went into the bath-room, made certain that the black-out was effective, and took a bath. Then he went back to the bed-room and ransacked the wardrobe. There he found a complete change of clothing: shirt, suit and underwear, and he found that they all fitted him. He replaced the dressing-gown, to which he had helped himself, back upon a peg on the door, and dressed himself carefully and deliberately in the purloined clothes. A pair of thin, black shoes also fitted him. These he put on, and tied the laces neatly. Pleased with himself, he next took a clean collar from out of a top drawer, and looked into another which held ties. Here, in making his choice, he was deliberate. He turned over and put aside several of a subdued pattern before he came upon one which won his approval. Of silk it was, and though showing signs of wear, yet of a subdued splendour, since the pattern of it was formed of diagonal stripes of red, blue and old gold. He put it round and beneath the soft collar, tied it, and then looked at its reflection in the mirror with complacent pride.

"The old school tie," he murmured. "This morning will see me sauntering down Piccadilly. One is so easily lost in a crowd."

He glanced round the room again, folded the clothes in which he had come, and put them into the wardrobe, rammed his own underclothes, which were unmarked, into the dirty-laundry basket, gave a final glance to the dead woman on the bed, and went happily downstairs. He made tea in the kitchen, and took a breakfast there of thick bread-and-butter; washed the china, emptied the leaves out of the teapot, and put all tidily away, with the help of a tea-cloth, so as to eliminate all chances of fingerprints.

Then he went into the narrow hall and took a pair of old gloves from out of the hat-stand, put them on, and, returning to the kitchen, opened the back door and went noiselessly down the garden-path to a ramshackle tool-shed, in which he smoked with placid enjoyment until he heard the church clock strike six.

He returned to the house, opened up the black-out in every room, waited until he heard the milkman leave the milk, took it in and, discarding the gloves, left the house.

He came, by devious ways, to a common, which he crossed, and so to a main road that led to a railway station, which was his objective. This station suited his purpose nicely because it served a neighbourhood given over to rich City men who had become addicted to country pursuits in their years of prosperity and affluence. Some of them kept chickens, others boasted of greenhouses and asparagus-beds, a few kept a small herd of Alderney cows under the most approved conditions, and all wore spats and caught the early London trains, in which they read newspapers with concentrated interest. No one would take much interest in him on the journey. He would be one of them.

He walked along the high road briskly, and was thankful that the tarmac surface of it was not conducive to too much dust. Dusty shoes would be out of place in Piccadilly. Too many officers on leave frequent that thoroughfare.

Then his fate came upon him.

He heard a rumble behind him which grew louder and louder, and he drew in to a field gate to let a battery of heavy guns, mechanically hauled, go past him. He went round a curve of the beginning of the village street on his way to the railway station and overtook a dapper gentleman whose appearance—neat umbrella, buttonhole and all—cried aloud of Throgmorton Street. He went ahead of this pillar of financial strength and passed a shabby, ancient car, which was drawn up in front of the gate of a sham antique villa, and then—jumped for safety. A military motor-cyclist had come round the curve of the street, in the reckless way usual to military motor-cyclists, and swayed past him in a dangerous manner, and then, recovering his control of the machine, went on his noisy and devastating way. Then followed a splintering of glass, and the murderer turned quickly to see the financial pillar of strength stagger round the bonnet of the ancient car, as an elderly man, black bag in hand, came out of the sham antique villa and quickly took in the situation.

"It never rains but it pours. Damn this war work!" he said angrily.

The murderer went back to the car. To have continued on his way would have made him conspicuous, and the last thing he desired was to draw attention to himself.

The financial pillar was injured. His wrist was badly cut and spurting blood and his coat-sleeve was slashed open at the elbow, exposing another wound that gaped unpleasantly.

The elderly man placed his bag on the ground, seized the injured man's wrist and stuck his two thumbs remorselessly into it, yet the spurting continued. He glanced at the murderer, who had now reached the bonnet of the car, and appeared to be annoyed by his masterly inactivity.

"Put pressure on his brachial, man!" he rasped.

The murderer was stumped. He had not the slightest idea what the brachial was, and how to put pressure on it was something absolutely beyond him.

Drawn by the noise of the crash of glass, a policeman hurried up.

"Put pressure on the brachial, Brown," the elderly man said.

"The brachial—yes, Doctor," the policeman replied, and passed an enormous hand round the injured man's upper arm in an expert and trained manner. Then he squeezed with his fingers, with true constabulary zeal, and the bleeding ceased.

The doctor grunted and looked at the murderer as if he did not love him, and then he and the policeman, still grasping the arm, laid the injured man on the ground.

"A nasty smash," said the policeman. "Did you see the accident, Sir?" he asked the murderer.

"No, I was on ahead."

"Ah!" said the policeman.

A postman appeared on the scene. "Them cyclist chaps go on anyhow; knocked the poor gent up against the doctor's car. Saw it myself," he volunteered.

"And a damned old car it is—borrowed," said the doctor.

The Nonconformist minister's wife, a trifle sketchily arrayed, joined the glad throng. She was evidently desirous of good works, for she carried a large towel, half-a-dozen clean handkerchiefs, an enormous pair of scissors and, above all else, a meat-skewer; and at the sight of her, and of them, the doctor grunted his approval.

"Apply a tourniquet, man," he said to the murderer, who could only stare at him. "Now, Mrs. Jones," he said to the minister's wife.

"Yes! Look you, whatever," she replied. She came from Wales and had her full share of Celtic enthusiasm and efficiency.

She gave the meat-skewer to the postman to hold, slit up the injured man's coat-sleeve to the armpit, passed the towel round the arm and above the policeman's grasping fingers, tied it, after placing the handkerchiefs on the arm as a pad. Then she rescued her skewer from the postman, put it through the knot of the towel, and handed the skewer over to the policeman, who twisted it round with great satisfaction to himself, and finally fastened it by means of the end of the towel. All very neat and workmanlike.

"That will hold until we get him to hospital," the policeman said proudly.

"Then I will be getting on my way," said the murderer.

"No, my friend," said the doctor grimly.

The murderer was hanged right enough. He should not have worn the tie of the Royal Army Medical Corps at the time of betraying his utter ignorance of the elements of ambulance work.

THE END.

All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

A charming "Koupy" belted style selected from our extensive collection of Model Coats. In Raspberry-Red Tweed with original one-sided pocket effect, fully lined Art. Crepe. Bust 36 ins.

£26 : 10 : 2

18 coupons

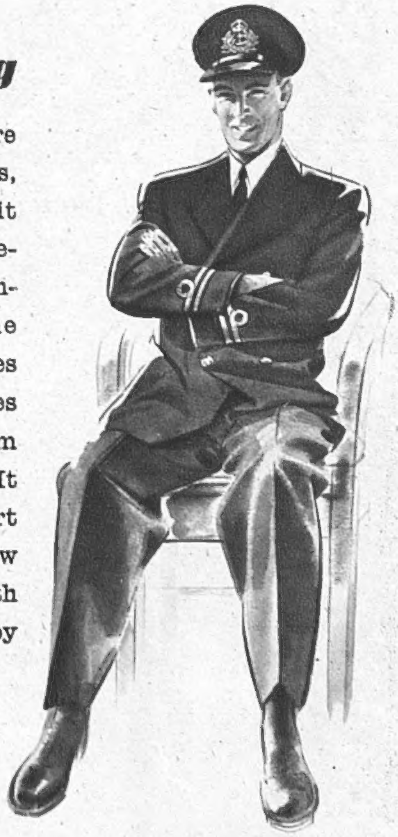
SECOND FLOOR

SELFRIDGES LTD., OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 1234

Straight sailing

An officer can buy his entire outfit under one roof. Thus, with a little more effort than it requires to have his measurements taken, he can rest content that everything—the uniform itself, the underclothes and all necessary accessories—will be put together for him faithfully and completely. It is scarcely necessary to resort to higher mathematics to show that a large amount of both time and worry is saved by making use of this service.

Serge Reefer and Trousers
from £9 10 0
Greatcoat from £12 0 0



AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

By Appointment

A KINDLY CHARACTER

The matured Scotch Whiskies used in blending "Black & White" are responsible for its delicate flavour and "kindly character."

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

NO one can fail to be delighted with the children's fashions at Walpoles, Bond Street, some of which are illustrated above. They are well cut and can be lengthened when required. The corduroy velveteen trousers on the left are buttoned on to a washing blouse which is finished with turnover collar and sleeves. The outfit for the very small personage in the centre is a practical garment, is easy to launder and is accompanied by a well-cut shirt; in the winter a woolly may take its place. Fancy Angora wool makes the dress on the right. It is piped with a contrasting colour. There are knickers to match.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

PRETTY AND PRACTICAL

NURSERY FROCKS

THE "RELAXATION" DRESS

GRACEFUL lines and classic simplicity are important features of the relaxation gown on the right. It may be seen at Marshall and Snelgroves, Oxford Street. There are an infinite variety of occasions when it may appropriately be worn: for instance, at an informal dinner or a cinema. The fourreau is of fancy marocain, while the soft drapery is of a stout chiffon, which is endowed with unique wearing qualities. Here is likewise to be seen the little frock, generally plain, with a telling touch of colour increasing its charm. In this, the speciality department, is a representative collection of maternity frocks—they may be remodelled when desired.

Now comes the Winter . . . and the Warm Top-Coat

This superbly tailored Coat for the younger figure is in heavy-weight wool material, with fitting waistline, wide revers, and inverted pleat and half belt at back. Lined crepe. In black or navy. Stock sizes.

£10 . 8 . 0

(18 coupons)

Stock Size Coats : Second Floor

Swan & Edgar LTD.

Piccadilly Circus, W.1. REGent 1616

FOR THE

Younger Generation

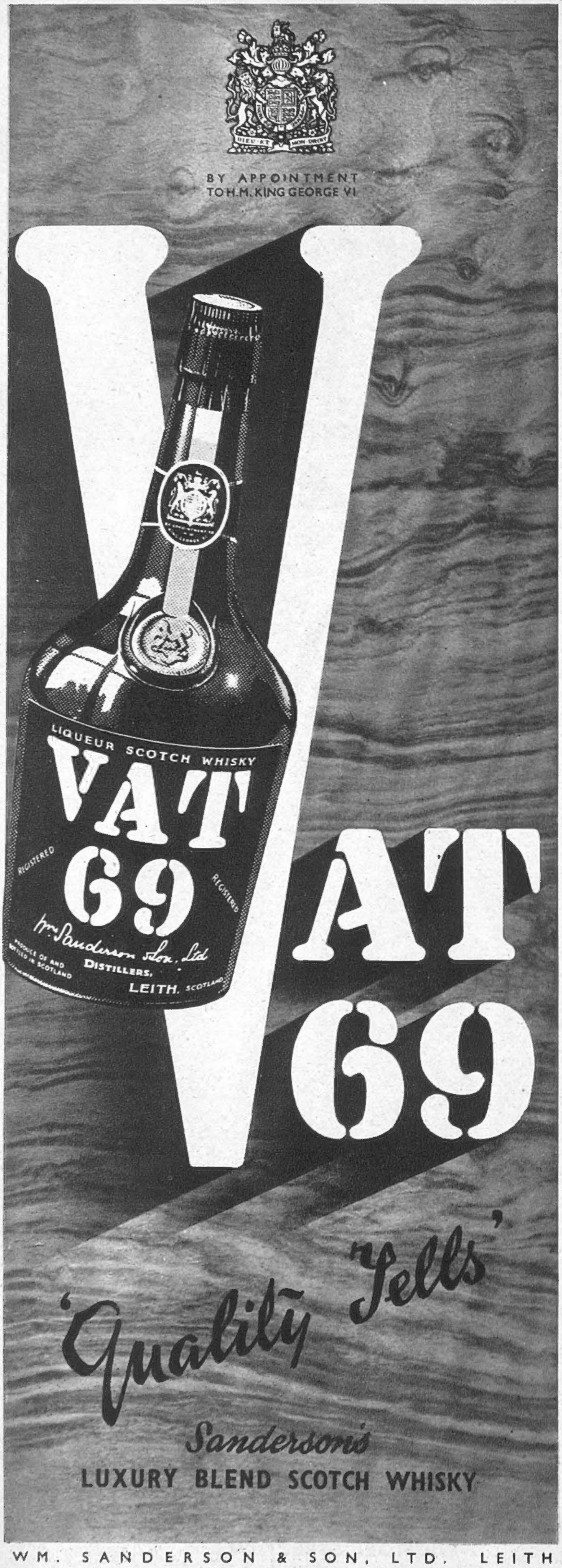
A charming evening dress for the young girl, in ivory poult, old-world bodice with crystal buttons and skirt with slight pannier effect. We can copy this in ivory flower-printed poult. Length 58 ins.

£11 18 6

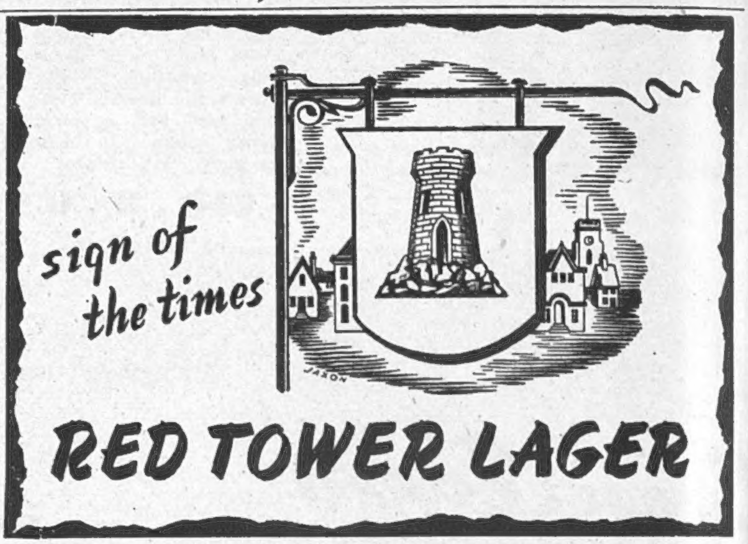
(Juvenile Department, Third Floor.)

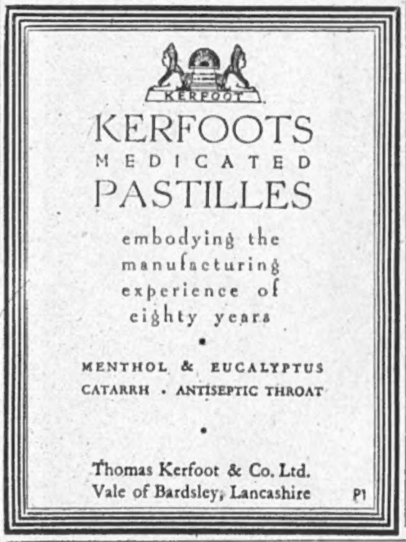
Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 **WIGMORE STREET, W.1** (Debenhams Ltd.)


BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REGISTERED
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
DISTILLERS,
LEITH, SCOTLAND
VAT 69
'Quality Tells'
Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD. LEITH

THE
BURBERRY
THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOFS
SERVICE KIT—Regular and Auxiliary.
Low charges for best work on Best materials.
Agents in all towns
BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1


sign of the times
RED TOWER LAGER


KERFOOT
KERFOOTS
MEDICATED
PASTILLES
embodying the manufacturing experience of eighty years
MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH . ANTISEPTIC THROAT
Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire
P1

Hard to find but definitely worth waiting for
Vantella
SHIRTS—MADE TO MATCH
'Van Heusen'
COLLARS

"WARDONIA"
SOLD BY NAAFI
1066
"WARDONIA"
BLADES
"WARDONIA"
FOR BETTER SHAVES